

ACI

ACROSS THE SEA

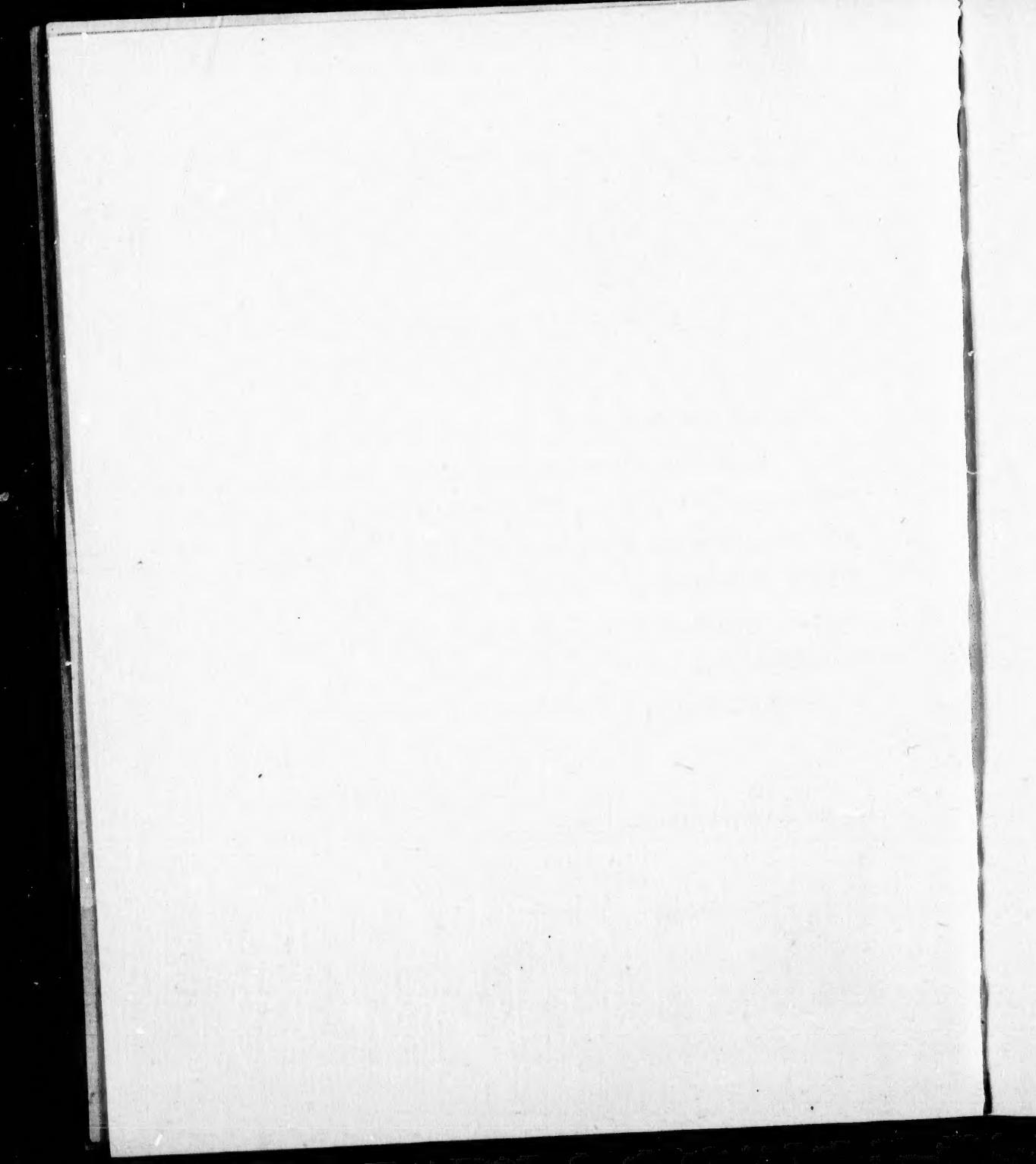
—BY—

ADA A. SQUIRE.



LONDON, ONT. :
ADVERTISER PRINTING COMPANY.

1892.



PREFACE.

Having one day (while engaged on a work which I am now compiling) run short of manuscript paper, and being in a place where I was unable to procure more, for a day or so at least, I bethought myself of composing these few lines, which, at the request of some friends, I now offer to the public. trusting at the same time they will not be dealt with too critically.

THE AUTHOR.

Lorne Ave , London, Ont.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
Across the Sea,	5
The Surrender of the General	7
Evening,	11
The Blessed Dead,	12
The Sea,	14
The Golden Gate	16
Lucerne,	18
Memory,	20
Spes Mea Christus,	21
Spring,	24
True Love,	25
Crux Mihi Anchora,	27
To _____,	28
A Vision,	29
Night,	31
A Bunch of Roses,	33
I. H. S., Jesus Hominum Salvator,	35
Autumn,	36
To Alma,	37
Words of Cheer,	39
Christmas Eve,	40
To Katie,	42
The Dawn,	43
The Ladies' Crag,	43
Forget Me Not,	49
Her Death,	50
Our Guide,	51

ACROSS THE SEA.

Dear love of mine ! I'm thinking now of thee,
Although we're parted by the deep blue sea ;
And many years have passed since last we met,
Still my own darling I can ne'er forget—
Your joyous smile in days of long ago,
Chasing away my earthly care and woe.

REFRAIN.

But my heart is weary and fain would be with thee.
Once more I hear thy dear voice murmuring low
to me ;
Again in lasting memory I see thy gentle face ;
Thy form seems still so near me—so full of match-
less grace.

Once more I clasp thy loving little hand,
And 'neath the old tree on the lawn we stand ;
Little we guessed how soon the time would come
When we should parted be, and far from home
Across the ocean wide, I had to go.
The leaving you was worse than any woe

That could befall me ! Yet it had to be.
We said " good bye " beneath the old oak tree ;
Our vows exchanged ; your lustrous eyes so bright
To me seemed full of loving, heavenly light ;
And in their clear, deep depths, I could divine
That I was yours and you were ever mine.

And so I went. But still there comes to me
Thy voice, in silver bells of memory ;
At times I hear it with its sweet refrain—
Telling me bravely " we shall meet again " ;
And so we shall ; these words will ever cheer,
Until I see her whom I love so dear.

When I return I know your love for me
Will be as true as ere it used to be ;
What though your hair has lost its golden sheen,
And I more sorrows of this life have seen ;
Still in our hearts as has been all along,
Will ring the chimes of love's grand old sweet song.

And sweeter then, tho' long sad years have passed,
Our love will be, because we know at last
That to each other we have been so true

As stars above, that shine in heavenly blue,
Ere long I'll cross the wide expanse of sea,
Sweetheart of mine ! I soon shall be with thee.

LAST REFRAIN.

I am coming to you, sweetheart dear of mine !
Thou, my heart's own loved one, I am ever thine,
For unto each other we have been so true
My gentle, bright-eyed darling, I'm thinking still
of you !

THE SURRENDER OF THE GENERAL.

'Mid the horrid noise of battle and the dreadful
din of strife,
Many men were fighting bravely for their country
and their life ;
And the bullets loudly whistled as upon their way
they went,
Hurling death and dire destruction on the places
they were sent.

Now the cannons' awful booming rent the reeking
air in twain,

Mingled with the moans of dying, who were
stretched upon the plain ;
And the furious foam-flecked chargers dashed
within that dread array,
Falling fast beneath their riders, who were soon as
dead as they.

Now the Cossacks with their lances wildly charged
upon our troops,
Firing on us with their carbines, almost crushing
all our hopes.
But again we heard the bugle ringing out the call
“ Advance ! ”
Then right in their ranks we hurried, taking from
them every chance.
But our hearts were almost sinking, as a man or
horse went down
Underneath our crashing footsteps, finding graves
on every mound.
We no time had now for grieving. Onward ! On-
ward to the fight.
Burning magazines and tumbrils made the place a
sea of light.

Our brave comrades fast were yielding their last
agonizing breath ;
But the sight was not unusual, for this was the
Field of Death.
Of ourselves our minds were thinking, asking if
our turn was next ?
But the culverins' loud music made our thoughts
mad and perplexed.

On the sea the mortar vessels anchored not far
from the shore,
And the crash of thundering broadsides at the
ramparts now did roar.
The great steamers, passing slowly, fired their
mighty cannonade
Into batteries which, strongly, our grim enemies
had made.

Now the shot and shell were filling all the place
with flame and smoke,
Sky seemed quite alive with rockets, and the earth
as tho' it shook.
The red, roaring conflagration had broke out with-
in the fort,

And the towering big steam frigates tried to make
the work end short.

See ! the sun is slowly setting. Sure the strife
will soon be past.

Lo ! upon the shattered ramparts hoists the flag of
truce at last.

And the firing ceased instantly ; seemed a low lull
in the air,

As far o'er the sea of waters echoes answered
everywhere.

Now the burly white-haired General of our foes
advanced to see

If his white flag was accepted by his hated
enemy ;

And at once he knew it was so ; then far deep
into the ground,

In a token of surrender, he discharged the pistol'
sound.

His drawn sword had been held firmly ; this befor
his feet he threw,

And to them who stood around him, said, " I now
belong to you."

So to him the terms were given. He received them
and then signed.

We the same did, and thereafter told him we would
use him kind.

But at once the veteran leader covered his sad face
and wept,

Saying to us in a whisper, "Would the sleep of
death I slept.

This to me is untold sorrow, covering me with all
of shame,

For of everything I valued, that was best, my own
brave name ! "

EVENING.

Methinks I hear the breakers
Upon the shingly shore ;
The screeching of the sea-birds
Mingles with their roar.

Once more beside the ridges
Of wave worn rocks I stand
And view the passing steamers
Now sailing from the land.

Lo ! far across the waters,
 In ruddy bars of gold,
 The sun is slowly sinking,
 Ere night her wings unfold.

The lantern from the lighthouse
 Its warning radiance lends,
 Above the mass of huge rocks
 Rest of sea faring friends.

Now Cynthia's orb is reigning
 High in the heaven ; and see
 Her attendant star is near her,
 As in duty bound to be.

THE BLESSED DEAD.

"And the twelve gates were of pearls * * * and
 the street of the city was of pure gold." Rev. xxi., 21.

When the gloaming softly falleth
 Over quiet land and sea,
 I can hear the well loved voices
 Of the dead that come to me.

Gently to me they are speaking
 Of the days of long ago,
 When together we were happy ;
 Free from much of care and woe.

Free from all, we cannot truly
 Say, in this our present world,
 E'en in lives of seeming brightness
 Some dark clouds will be unfurled.

But anon their words are changing
 To that land of pearl and gold,
 With its emerald walls and jasper,
 Glories that are yet untold.

How its amethystine bulwarks
 Shine in radiance of The Sun.
 How the Saviour in His glory,
 Maketh them with Him as one.

And the amaranthine blossoms,
 Flowers of unfading hue
 Grow in all its fairest gardens,
 Emblem of God's promise true.

Still I listen in the twilight—
 I can hear the distant song
 Of the blessed saints in Heaven,
 And of all the great white throng.

Now, alas ! my soul is weary—
 Yearning for the time to be
 When the King in all His beauty
 And my loved ones I shall see.

THE SEA.

Beautiful sea !
 Dreaming of thee
 My heart never tires.
 To be on thy breast,
 Braving each crest,
 Are all my desires !
 Now daintily shimmering,
 Then playfully glimmering,
 Tossing and twirling,
 The great ships whirling,
 Over the main.

Beautiful sea !
It is on thee
I would for ever live.
Free from the care,
Landsmen all share
When for money their lives they will give !
The wild waves are rushing,
O'er the ships flushing,
Heedless of decks white as snow,
Onward ! and onward they go !
With their flaky froth of foam !

Fierce, raging sea !
Thou art to me
Emblem of man's unrest,
Pangs, bitterness
Loss, weariness,
He endures on the world's busy breast.
Ever whirling and twirling,
In its mad vortex swirling,
Till he sinks to his death.

THE GOLDEN GATE.

In its red and golden glory, the sun sank in the west;
 And then the soft grey gloaming came o'er the
 earth to rest;

A maiden fair was ling'ring between the life and
 death,
 I, her lover, stood beside her, watching each fading
 breath.

Ere long she roused her slowly and gazed upon my
 face.

‘ Dear Ronald, I am going, they say, to leave this
 place ;

Now will you tell me surely, that when I’m dead
 and gone,

You will not trouble greatly, or feel indeed alone ?’

Sadly to her, I answered, ‘ How can I say this,
 love,

How can I spare you darling, e’en for the Heaven
 above ?

Ever shall I be waiting, until the time shall come,

When I will meet my loved one, in her Eternal Home."

With a smile she listened to me, her heart was full of joy ;

She knew I loved her dearly ; I was her own dear boy !

And so she made reply to me, "It will not be for aye ;

For soon our earthly darkness, will be eternal day.

By God's good grace I truly will be waiting for you there,

When free from mortal suffering you leave this world of care."

Her breath was slowly going, I knew she had not long—

She bade me sing at once to her, the Grand Redemption Song.

As well as faltering accents and words of mine could do,

I sang of the Redeemer and of His promise true ;
How He died to save His people from all sorrow,
and all sin,

And opened wide the golden gate to let the wan-
derers in.

The scene again it changeth, the autumn of the
year

Is here in all its beauty, but my poor heart is sere;
For I have laid my darling beneath the cold grey
sod,

In the joy of heavenly glory, and the hope of seeing
God.

And now before my vision she riseth once again,
Her gentle face, it seemeth free from sorrow and
all pain.

I hear her sweet low whisper, "List, ere it be too
late,

I bid you follow closely, till you reach the Golden
Gate."

LUCERNE.

A Swiss lake with its waters
As clear as the sunlight,
Which deepens into shadows—
Dark here, and there most bright.

Upon its placid bosom
Boats with their red awnings,
Sail swiftly on their journey,
Appear like monstrous wings.

Looking ahead, the mountains
Above the mountains rise ;
And lingering on the summits
Snow meets our wondering eyes.

For 'tis the height of summer,
The lake is very blue,
The sky, that now is cloudless,
Is of that color too.

Here lie the little villages
Amidst the walnut trees,
Which shelter them from rain-storms.
And every northern breeze.

The pomegranates flaming
In their large tubs of green ;
Before the cottage doorways
They always can be seen.

And see the pretty churches—
 Crosses and graceful spires.
 To live my life in fair Lucerne
 Is what my heart desires.

MEMORY.

Come back again, bright happy days,
 And golden hours to me ;
 When life was like a joyous song,
 Full of sweet melody.

I would my parents now were here
 In life to take their part
 They chased away my foolish fear,
 And soothed my aching heart.

My brother and my sisters fair
 Played with me side by side.
 Now they are scattered far from me,
 Over the world so wide.

A few years later and I found
 One who was all to me ;

Love making life a paradise,
Where I would ever be.

And friends there were ; the very best
That I have ever seen
Throughout the rest of weary years,
No matter where I've been.

The dear old friends ; I fain would hear
Their voices once again ;
But some have passed to that far land
Beyond the unseen main.

And as the years roll on I see
Them leave me one by one,
To sail out to the silent shore,
With a new life begun.

SPES MEA CHRISTUS.

(Christ is my Hope.)

Jesus saith "I am the Way, the Truth and the Life."
John xiv., 6.

When my fainting soul is weary
Of all earthly cares and strife,

Comes to me a holy whisper—
 “ Seek the Way, the Truth, the Life.”

Shall I answer to it gladly,
 Or reject the gracious call ?
 Shall I leave the world’s short pleasure,
 Seeking Jesus ? Leave it all ?

Yea, my Lord, I answer to Thee ;
 To Thy side my soul would go ;
 But my heart’s dark fetters bind me
 In its chain of care and woe.

Thou to men the Truth, the Life art,
 And the Way by which at last
 They may find their souls in Heaven,
 When their work on earth is past.

Thou the Way ! my soul’s salvation,
 Teach me just how I should do ;
 When sore tempted by my troubles
 Far from Thee my heart would go.

Life of life ! Oh help and save me ;
 Sever chains that hold me fast,

For depending on Thy mercy,
 I would reach Thy throne at last.

Blessed Truth ! and holy wisdom,
 That shall guide me from afar ;
 Till I see the gates of Heaven—
 Gates that ever stand ajar.

Christ, I ask Thee to receive me,
 When death's shadows o'er me fall
 Then at last, I shall know truly,
 Seeking Thee, I have found all.

Lord of love ! and King of glory,
 Listen to my earnest prayer.
 When the roll-call for thy servants
 Sounds ; may I be surely there.

When the ransomed meet in glory,
 Chanting 'round the crystal sea ;
 Grant that I may stand before Thee
 Unto all eternity.

SPRING.

Spring, balmy Spring, is here now,
With days that very soon
Will lengthen out their tenure,
And sultry be at noon.

The mavis and the linnet
Throughout the day doth sing
Their happy lays, which tell us
Of the return of Spring.

Now with the snow of daisies
The fields are almost white ;
The buttercups are near them
Clothed in their golden light.

'Tis now the pale laburnum
Sheds forth its perfume sweet.
The primroses and violets
Upon the hedges greet.

Playfully young lambs gambol
Upon the hills of green.
Spring is the best of seasons,
And brightest too, I ween.

TRUE LOVE.

Come sing again to me, dear one,
The song you used to sing ;
Ere storm-clouds o'er our pathway broke,
Or other shadowing.
For now my heart is very sore,
And vainly does regret
That I did not then love thee more,
Or else could thee forget.

For thou to me wast all along
So tender, kind and true ;
And yet withal, I felt my heart
I could not give to you.
The other one I cared for most,
Was far away from me ;
But still I hoped, ere very long,
My dear love he would be.

The days rolled on, sweetly you sang
Your pleading song again.
At times I hear it in my dreams—

It is a well-known strain.
As it continued then I thought,
 " My love I'll give to thee,"
And then recurred the love of him
 Who was the world to me.

Now he has gone to regions far,
 Gone from the earthly band,
Beyond the azure, heavenly sky,
 To that bright Morning Land.
And thou art waiting still for me,
 And fain would have me say —
That unto you my life I'd give,
 For ever, and for aye.

The years have passed, what can I say
 To that true love of thine,
That patient waits though kept so long,
 For any hope of mine ?
At last I'll give to thee my heart,
 And will to thee belong,
Until all time has passed away.
 I've answered to your song.

CRUX MIHI ANCHORA.*

(The Cross is my Anchor.)

Until the day shall break,
And the shadows flee away,
Jesus my song shall ever be—
Crux mihi anchora.

Let this my watchword be,
When fain my soul would stray,
Until I reach eternity—
Crux mihi anchora

For it to me has been
A tranquil, cheering ray ;
The sweetest of my life, I ween,
Crux mihi anchora.

Jesus ! all Lord of Lords,
Teach me Thy holy way,
And help me by these gracious words—
Crux mihi anchora.

* Pronounce "anchora" as "anchoray."

My weary eyes would see
 Light of eternal day ;
 But till that time my prayer must be,
 Crux mihi anchora.

Until the bells of heaven
 Unto my ear shall play,
 This chime to me will still be given,
 Crux mihi anchora.

TO _____

“ On connaît l’ami au besoin.
 (A friend is known in the time of need.”)

When first I saw thy face,
 I knew I’d found a friend ;
 For in its likeness I could trace
 Faithfulness to the end.

’Tis years since first I heard
 Thy dear and well known voice ;
 And still, tho’ time has passed away,
 It makes my heart rejoice.

Within thine hazel eyes
 I read at once that thou
 Would'st help and cheer me on my way,
 So it has been. And now

Tho' cold and sad I seem,
 It is not really so ;
 My heart with gratitude doth beam,
 And fain would have thee know

How much I prize thy care,
 Thy friendship true, for me.
 God bless thee now, and everywhere
 Thy steps may choose to be.

My grateful thanks accept ;
 'Tis all I have to give.
 And my full heart will ne'er forget
 Thy goodness while I live.

A VISION.

Beside the dying embers a mother sat one night.
 The snow outside was lying, and calm shone the
 moonlight.

Once more in fancy's vis on the days of long ago
Rose bright and clear before her, so nearly free
from woe.

Her life had seen one sorrow, before her child had
died.

Again, just near his bedside, she laid her down
and cried—

"Oh God, why should it be so? Why should I
lose my boy?"

A small weak voice made answer, "Mother, I'm
going to joy—

I know that you will follow, although the years be
long;

And then your tears and sighing will turned be to
song.

And when heaven's own bright angel will bear my
soul away,

Unto the fairer regions they call Eternal Day,

You know I shall be happy, when near the Crystal
Sea,

In the land of gold and jasper and pearly gates
that be."

His voice was very weary, and hurried grew his
breath ;

A little feeble struggling, and the mother knew
'twas death.

"God give me strength to bear it," she said in
faltering tone,

"My love has gone before me, and now I'm left
alone ;

A year ago my husband went to that Better Land,
And now my child has followed I fain would clasp
his hand."

NIGHT.

A peaceful stillness reigneth, and the stars
Shed their soft light
Over the tired world. No sound now mars
The calm of night.

High in the heavens the moon doth show
 Her radiant rays ;
 Shedding her glory bright o'er earth
 And its dark ways.

The birds are hushed in song ; their quiet rest
 They now do take.
 And not the slightest breeze is heard among
 The leaves to shake.

A sense of gentle slumber seems to reign
 On land and sea ;
 Night folds her wings around the whole of life
 And its agony.

Night holds the key that opes the gate of day,
 Life that is mine !
 Hope thou, thy dark night will at last unlock
 The Gate Divine.

Sweet peace ! Oh, perfect peace ! My soul would be
 Like unto thee,
 When o'er my weary heart the storm doth rise
 Of untold misery.

A BUNCH OF ROSES.

Roses ! fragrant roses !
Your perfume now is here,
Bringing to my memory
Days that once were dear.

When the soft June gloaming
Fell upon the land,
Then my love and I walked
Together, hand in hand,

Down the shady lane,
Where briar roses grew.
There my dear one told me
Of his love so true.

And the while I listened,
So it seemed to me,
The whole place was filled with
Joyous melody.

Down the shady pathways,
The hedges cool and green,
Hid the many wild flowers,
Fairest that are seen.

For in whate'er country
We may chance to be,
England bears the best of
Wild flowers that we see.

There the fair anemone,
And blue violet sweet ;
Also yellow primrose
With the Spring doth greet.

There in early summer,
In the month of May,
Is the red-white hawthorn,
And sweet smelling hay.

Well do I remember
Our trysting place so dear ;
With its rustic bridge and
Limpid waters clear.

While we waited, listening,
Many a glad time,
We could hear the old bells
Of the village chime.

Still as there we lingered,
 Far across the lea,
 We heard the low murmur
 Of the distant sea.

As we passed the cottages,
 Roses still were there,
 With the sweetest fragrance
 Filling all the air.

I. H. S.

Jesus Hominum Salvator.
 (Jesus the Saviour of men)

Jesus ! my Saviour ! now I come to Thee,
 Seeking the pardon that Thou givest free ;
 And while I linger on Thy threshold dear,
 Unto my pleading, wilt Thou lend thine ear

World-worn and weary ; laden with my fears
 Wilt Thou receive me after these long years ?
 After my wandering far away from Thee,
 Wilt Thou forgive, and pardon even me ?

Fain would I hear Thy loving voice divine,
 Telling me gently that my soul is Thine.
 I give myself for evermore to Thee,
 Jesu ! Redeemer ! Thine would I now be.

Years have I given, best of all my life,
 To this world's pleasure, weariness and strife—
 Yet Thou hast called me ; but I heeded not ;
 Now, now at last ! I plead to Thee my lot.

By Thy blest cross ! upon which Thou didst die,
 Jesus, I venture now to draw me nigh,
 And on mine ear Thy gracious voice doth fall—
 “ My erring child, I have forgiven all.”

AUTUMN.

The foliage is turning
 To brown, gold and red,
 The flowers that were lovely
 Are fading, or dead.

A sharp breeze doth whistle
Across the lone moor ;
And carries its wailing,
Far down to the shore.

The shot of the sportsman
Is heard very near ;
And echoes reverberate
O'er plains that are drear.

The sea by its fury
Is lashed into foam,
Come dear, let us hasten,
The best place is home.

TO ALMA.

Dear little Alma !
Love of my heart ;
May you and I never
In coming years part

Sweet loving sister !
Thou art to me
Dearer than others
Ever can be.

Clear rosy cheeks,
Brown eyes so bright ;
Making our homestead,
A place of delight.
Constantly cheering,
My lone dreary way,
Rendering it brighter
Day after day.

Soon will another,
I fear, claim thy heart ;
How shall I suffer it,
How with thee part ?
Yet then my dearest
If so it must be,
I wish thee all happiness
When leaving me.

WORDS OF CHEER.

"And there shall be no more death, neither sorrow
nor crying neither shall there be any more pain."—
Rev. xxi., 4.

No more dark sorrow—no more death !
Oh blessed words of cheer !
That while we draw this mortal breath,
To us will be so dear.

To compensate for every pain,
In trouble's darkest hour,
We turn unto these words again,
And in them find sweet power.

To gladden each worn, aching heart,
With healing from on high.
In that blest land friends never part—
Or nevermore shall cry.

The bitterness of death will be
Forgotten evermore !
We'll meet beside the crystal sea
Our sufferings all o'er.

CHRISTMAS EVE.

Upon the earth the snow is glistening,
And brightly shines the moon.
To merry chimes we now are listening.
It will be Christmas soon.

REFRAIN.

The bells, we hear them as they ring
Their sweetest, holiest, brightest chime.
Our hearts with joy incline to sing,
For the morning will be Christmas time.

The little ones are safe in dreamland,
Waiting for Santa Claus ;
Their voices we are faintly hearing,
With now and then a pause.

Dear little ones ! Day will be bringing
To each a present rare ;
Your hearts with joy will be abounding,
Which we trust we may share.

The yule log throws a ruddy flicker
 About the dear home-room.
 Our parents smile their sweetest welcome,
 For Christmas now doth loom.

The nuts are cracke', the sweets are eaten,
 And some doth sing a song ;
 And very few of us are beaten
 At tales that now are long.

Dear Christmas ! Best of all the seasons
 Which unto man doth come ;
 For then wit, mirth, happy unreason
 Reigneth with all at home.

REFRAIN FOR 6TH VERSE.

Then let us all, dear people here,
 Join hands at once and swell the chime.
 This Christmas Eve we'll ne'er forget,
 For we are here for Auld Lang Syne.

The bells have ceased ; now we are listening
 To that sweet, holy song
 Of Bethlehem's Babe ; which waits are singing
 As they do march along.

REFRAIN.

Good will on earth, to all men peace ;
 His love to us for aye He brings.
 And so to Thee, our hearts reply,
 We give our homage, King of Kings

TO KATE.

Dear friend of mine ! Thou art
 A help and comfort true ;
 And ever hast been since I formed
 Eternal love for you.

My sorrows and my joys,
 Both to thee I have shown ;
 And kinder thou hast been to me
 Than any I have known.

Thy gentle sympathy
 Has been my guiding star.
 May strangers prove as good to thee,
 If thou should'st roam afar.

To a new land I came,
Then found in thee a friend ;
And may our friendship ever be
Lasting unto the end.

THE DAWN.

It is the Dawn. Lo ! now behold
Across the sky faint streaks of gold,
Purple and red, their hues display.
The twinkling stars do fade away.
In Eastern light the sun doth rise,
Chasing the night far from our eyes.
His golden rays slowly creeps o'er
The heavens, which lighten more and more.
And so another day now dawns
O'er sea, the fields, pastures and lawns.

THE LADIES' CRAG.

Come list, dear friend, and you shall hear
A story that is true,
And sit ye by the ingleside,
The while I tell it you.

It was a bright and sunny day,
Two young girls who were fair
Thought they would take a holiday—
Enjoy the keen sea air.

The place where they did choose to go,
Was some two miles away.
A sea-side place, which now was quiet,
For 'twas the month of May.

Perfect the day ; so the friends walked,
Each had her favorite book,
The father bade them leave these home ;
With many an anxious look.

“For I’m afraid, you will forget,
When you your stories read ;
And with your thoughts on these intent
Of danger take no heed ”

“Oh no, Papa ! don’t be alarmed,”
One happy girl did say ;
For one can watch, and the other read,
Now that is just our way.”

"Good-bye, Papa!" "Good-bye my loves!"
Words said, and answer given,
The father wished they had not gone ;
His breast with fears was riven.

The girls, ere long, did reach the shore,
With spirits full of glee.
Little they thought ere that day closed
They'd see eternity.

Standing not far out from the shore,
The top of which was flat,
Stood a huge rock, with wooden seats ;
Up this they went ; then sat

And read, which both of them
Ought never to have done ;
Far better 'twould have been if each
Had watched or read alone.

Day slowly waned, both so intent,
They did not hear or see
The lapping of the cruel waves,
As they crept stealthily.

In here, out there, and everywhere
 Around the rock they went ;
Until at last the foamy froth
 Near the girls' seat was sent.

A cry of terror roused them now ;
 Screams rent the evening air ;
But all in vain, no human form
 Could they see anywhere.

And not a sail was there in sight,
 Or any help was nigh ;
The only sound that caught their ear,
 Was the bold sea-birds' cry.

With ruddy glow the sun did set
 Beyond the western main.
Yet must they die ? when all was peace
 They moaned ; and screamed again.

Refreshingly the ozone blew
 From up the briny sea,
The new moon rose ; still they were left
 Alone in agony.

Oh, it was hard ! that these young lives,
Should die in this wild way ;
Would that they both had never come
Here on this fatal day.

Slowly, but surely, now the waves,
Around the two did swirl ;
In all the separate fissures there,
Their hideous waters twirl.

As loud as mortal terror would
Enable them to cry,
They called aloud. The mocking scream
Of sea-birds made reply.

Within the girls' own happy home,
Faces were waiting there
To welcome both the wanderers back
The evening meal to share.

The waters now had reached their waists,
They gave up every hope ;
Knowing that now it useless was
With fate, to try and cope.

And so they stood there, side by side,
 Clasping each other's hand,
 And prayed that He who rules the sea
 Would take them to His land—

And comfort their bereaved friends
 In their most awful sorrow.
 And now to them the thought did come,
 Where would they be to-morrow ?

A numbing feeling came to them,
 And one of lone misery.
 Then sinking down by waves o'erpowered,
 Were carried out to sea.

So perished both these dear young girls ;
 One just had come to stay
 With her best friend, when leaving school,
 For a short holiday.

The rock hereafter this was named
 “The fatal Ladies' Crag.”
 It is a place which all doth shun ;
 Where none doth ever lag.

FORGET ME NOT.

Forget thee ? Forget thee ? Never, ah no !

What though the weary years may come and go,

I am for ever thine,

And thou art always mine.

I love thee ;

Thou wilt love me

While stars do shine.

Forget thee ? Ah never ! It could not be so !

Forget thee ? Forget thee ? What though the sea
doth roll

Between our lives, and sever soul from soul.

Yet this we both shall know,

We love each other so ;

Nothing will part

Each loving heart,

Or take away the whole

Of our trust,

Or that I must

Forget thee ? Ah no ! Never so !

HER DEATH.

The sun was setting o'er the land,
They brought the news just as I stood
Watching its rays of red and gold,
Just sinking 'neath the hills and wood.

The music of my banjo sweet
The feelings of my heart did tell ;
The thoughts that just then were with me,
Was oh ! I loved my darling well.

Her form rose up before my eyes,
Again she once before me stood ;
Fairer than all the world besides,
For oh ! my loved one was so good.

And shall I never see thee more
My little sweetheart ? bright Kathleen !
Never until the Heavenly shore
And gates of Paradise are seen.

OUR GUIDE.

"For Thy name's sake lead me and guide me."—
Psalm xxxi., 3.

He leads us on ! when suushine hovers o'er us,
And pastures green beneath our feet doth spring ;
He leads us gently near the still sweet waters ;
And keeps us safe beneath His shadowing wing.

He leads us on ! when passion storms are threat-
ening
Their tempest fierce to roll upon our soul ;
Yet if we trust Him, He will lead us safely
Out of the strife unto the promised goal.

He leads us on ! what tho' the distant haven
Seems far away unto our darkened sight ;
Our eyes are dim, and aching, sorrow-laden—
Still He will lead us and will guide us right.